

THE LADY'S PEARL.

JULY, 1842.

Original.

THE TWO BEAUTIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll eclipse every girl there!" ejaculated Emma Thompson, as she surveyed herself in a large mirror with evident tokens of self-satisfaction.

"They call me a beauty," she added, thoughtfully, as she paused to observe herself more narrowly, "and I believe I am."

And nine out of ten who looked upon Emma Thompson, would have come to the same conclusion. Her skin was fair, her features regular, and her eyes bright and sparkling. In her manners, she was gay, frank and playful. A fine flow of spirits gave effect to her personal attractions, and made her, at all times, an agreeable companion. She was, in consequence, much caressed and flattered.

About the same time that Emma was arraying herself, in showy apparel, for a large party, another young lady, of very different appearance, was preparing herself for the same social entertainment. Her name was Lucy Harper. In person and carriage, she was, by no means, as imposing and attractive as Emma; and her face, though regular, was one that, ordinarily, excited little interest.

As she proceeded to array herself, there was a quietness in her manner, and an evident unconcern as to the impression her appearance would make. She seemed careful to dress with neatness and taste—not so much for the sake of effect, as to satisfy her own sense of propriety—her own perception of the chaste and beautiful.

Early in the evening, Emma Thompson entered the room where were already assembled numbers of the gay company with whom she had been invited to spend a few pleasant hours. She was richly attired, and instantly attracted general attention.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after, that Lucy Harper came in, dressed in modest white—her only ornament a single white rose half hid among the luxuriant folds of her glossy hair. Her entrance seemed to attract but little notice.

"Really, Miss Thompson is beautiful!" said one young man to another, during the evening, as the object of his remark passed near them, leaning on the arm of one who had been so fortunate as to secure her for his partner in the promenade.

"There is one here, in my estimation, far more beautiful," was the quiet reply.

"I have not seen her, then. Miss Thompson, I do not hesitate to pronounce, the most beautiful woman in the room."

"I consider Lucy Harper as much handsomer."

"Lucy Harper! O, no. She wont compare with Emma."

"Here we differ. Emma Thompson, it is true, has something imposing and bril-

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liant about her. But with Lucy, there is a gentle, modest, thoughtful beauty of face and manner, that to me is irresistible—while Miss Thompson makes no impression upon me whatever. Look at her, as she sits, now, in earnest conversation with old Mr. Gray. How sweet her smile! How full of innocent beauty her fair young face! And now turn your eye upon Emma, and mark the difference."

"There is a difference, truly," said the young man, in a changed tone. "The one seems all unconscious of her attractions, while the other is, evidently, desirous of winning admiration."

"Just the difference that I have always observed between them. While Emma appears anxious only to be courted and admired—to have all find pleasure in pleasing her, Lucy seems never to think of herself, and to be concerned only for others. There is not another young lady in the room, who, judging from the conduct of each, would sit thus, and endeavor to interest that old man, while all is gaiety and gladness around. See how she leans towards him, and listens, while he, fond of a good listener, is indulging, no doubt, in some pleasant reminiscence."

"I never thought her beautiful before," was the reply. "But now there is a gentleness and sweetness about her, that is far more winning than the self-conscious charms of the gayest girl in the room."

"I need scarcely say, that so she appears to me. The moral beauty of her mind flows out into every lineament of her face, and gives to it an expression of innocence and loveliness, that is unsurpassed by the mere external forms of beauty, into which no beauty of the spirit enters, giving to them life and power. The latter will fade and change—the former knows no autumn. Nine out of ten who are present to-night, would give the palm of loveliness to Emma Thompson, while they passed by, with scarcely a glance, the modest, unobtrusive Lucy Harper. Ten years from this time, if both are living, how different will they appear! The ruling affection of each will, as now, be seen in the face, but, in one, how changed in its expression."

"I do not fully comprehend your meaning," the friend said.

"It is simply this: Do you not perceive in Emma Thompson an overweening love of admiration?"

"Plainly."

"That love of being admired is a purely selfish love, and finds its happiness, of course, in the many attentions and flattering compliments that are paid her while in society. But these will not always last. She will, ere long, pass from the point of general admiration, and then will come the unhappiness which flows from a disappointed love of being admired, flattered and courted by all. This unhappiness will show itself in her face, and change its now beautiful expression into one, no matter how regular her features may remain, no matter how pure the color of her cheek, that will repulse rather than attract. She will not, perhaps, understand the true secret of her unpleasant feelings, and will attribute them to other and various causes; but disappointed self-love will be the fountain from which flows the turbid stream."

"A just conclusion, it seems to me."

"On the contrary," proceeded the young man, "Lucy Harper's affection seems to be, to make *others* happy. Her thoughts, I should think, were rarely turned inward, in self-complacent reflections, but rather outward, from kind feelings towards others. The consequence will be, that her ruling love will meet no cruel disappointments. There will ever linger on her path, those upon whom she can exercise, as she now does towards old Mr. Gray, the genuine impulses and good emotions of an innocent heart. And, spite of time's impressions on her quiet face, her features will ever reflect the loveliness of her real character. Do you understand me now?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will agree with me, that, of the two, Lucy is far the more beautiful."

"I certainly will. And I can never look upon Emma Thompson again, without thinking of her selfish love of admiration—her consciousness that she is handsome, and see, or think that I see, its expression in every lineament of her face. Nor upon Lucy, without perceiving the true moral beauty that increases tenfold the physical beauty of her countenance."

On the morning after the party, Lucy called to see her friend, Emma. Could the two young men, who had, on the evening previous, observed so narrowly the young ladies, have seen them now, they would have perceived far more clearly the superior beauty of Lucy Harper. The calm, thoughtful, serene expression of her countenance strongly contrasted with the lowering brow and troubled aspect of the other.

"You do not seem happy, this morning," Lucy said, after she had been seated, and observed the sober look of her friend.

"Nor do I feel very happy," was the reply.

"What is the matter, Emma?" was asked in a kind tone.

"I can hardly tell, myself. But I never go to a party that I am not *miserable* for two or three days."

"That is strange, Emma. For my part, the *pleasure* is continued for many days afterwards."

"The pleasure? Why, I thought you didn't enjoy company at all!"

"And why should you think that, Emma?"

"O, I don't know. But you never seem to me to enjoy yourself any; and I can't see how you can, when every one seems so indifferent towards you."

"Indifferent towards *me*! Really, Emma, you have made a discovery! I am sure every body treats me kindly, and I am always gratified when I attend a party. Why did you think that I was treated indifferently?"

"The young men never seem to pay you any attentions, Lucy; and you sit, it seems to me, all neglected for the greater part of an evening."

"All this is new to me, I am sure!" Lucy said, in tones of surprise. "If I can recollect rightly, I am always engaged in pleasant conversation with some one."

"O, yes, with some old man or woman. But I should die with dullness if I had no one else to talk to."

"Really, Emma, you have a strange way with you, sometimes. I believe I converse with old and young, grave and gay. It is true, that during the last evening, I was engaged in talking, or rather listening, to old Mr. Gray, for a greater part of the time. But I am sure I was very far from not being pleased, or gratified, especially, as none of the rest of our young friends seemed inclined to pay him any attentions."

"O, dear! If I had to sit down and entertain all the old men and women who happen to stumble into evening parties, I should die of dullness. Why don't such people stay at home? It is much the better place for them."

"Why, Emma! How can you think and speak so of old people! For my part, I love to see them in company with the young; and when I meet them there, am always drawn towards them."

"Indeed, then, I am not!" and the beauty tossed her head with an air of contempt. "I'm young, and I like young company. Let old people keep to themselves."

Lucy was shocked, both at the words and manner of her friend, and feeling that any thing which she might say would only excite Emma's mind further on the subject, remained silent for some moments, when she said—

"So you do not feel happy, Emma, notwithstanding all the attentions that were shown you last night?"

"Happy? No, indeed! I feel miserable."

"Why so, Emma?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, but I always feel wretched after I have been to a party. Something or other is sure to go wrong."

"Go wrong! Did any thing go wrong last night?"

"No, not exactly. But—then—to tell the truth, Mr. Granger seemed to treat me with indifference, and I cannot bear to be slighted."

"O, I presume not, Emma. Mr. Granger is a gentleman, and, I am sure, would treat no one with indifference."

"Yes, he did, though, with marked indifference. He kept all the evening with other girls, and didn't appear to care about being over polite to me. Not that I care any thing about him, of course. But, then, I always feel a slight. It may be foolish; but, still, I cannot help it."

"But you had nearly every other young man in the room dancing attendance on you, as they say; so you needn't care about the indifference of one."

"Yes, but I do care though. As I said before, I cannot bear to have any one act towards me as if it were no consequence to him whether I were alive or dead."

"You and I are somewhat different, in that respect, Emma. The opinions of others in respect to me, never give me any trouble. I try to feel right, and to act right, and there let the matter rest. What I am, is of far more consequence to me, than the thoughts which others have about me. Others can never know me thoroughly,—necessarily, there must be false judgment in respect to me: were I, then, to trouble myself about the opinions of others, I should all the while be unhappy. But I do not. Indeed, I rarely, if ever, give the subject a thought."

"It is well that you do not, Lucy. If I were neglected, as much as you are, in company, I should be the most wretched creature imaginable."

"I am sure, Emma," her friend said, half-laughing, half-serious, "that if any such neglect as you speak of, exists, I am perfectly unconscious of it. Everybody seems kind and attentive to me, wherever I go, and I try to be kind and attentive to all."

From this brief conversation, the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the difference in the dispositions of the two young ladies we have introduced. The one seeking for happiness in the admiration paid to her personal attractions, and miserable whenever an expression of that admiration was withheld; the other, all unconscious of her own true moral worth and beauty, and anxious, rather, to gratify others, than thoughtful of her own pleasure. It will be seen, too, how the ruling affection of one was a fountain of troubled waters, while that of the other was as the steady flow of a pure and peaceful streamlet. Both, as has been intimated, were young, and both esteemed beautiful. Let us look upon them once again, after the lapse of ten years, and into time's changes on each fair face. The lesson may be worth remembering.

(Concluded in our next.)

FILIAL PIETY.—There is a remarkable instance of filial piety in the history of China. In the reign of the emperor Viren Ti, a mandarin was condemned to death; and was guilty enough to deserve it. He had the good fortune to have a daughter affectionate and dutiful to him, beyond the ordinary measures of filial piety; who addressed the emperor in his behalf, presenting a memorial to him, wherein she offered herself a slave for life, to save the life of her father. The emperor, struck with so extraordinary an instance of piety, pardoned the father, and left the daughter in her freedom. And this was the more remarkable, inasmuch as daughters are little regarded by the Chinese, and are often exposed.—*Churchill's Collections.*

[ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.]

Original.

THE TOILET.

BY MISS CAROLINE L. NORTH.

BEAUTY with her charms has crowned thee;

Lady, thou art fair—

Fortune strews her gifts around thee—

Rich her treasures are;

Pleased, upon thyself thou gazest

In thy gay attire;

Now the silken tresses braidest

Of thy jeweled hair.

Lady, doth thy mind's adorning

Steal no thought of thine?

Ne'er hast tasted Wisdom's fountain,

Knelt at Learning's shrine?

Know'st thou not a purer pleasure

Than from earth e'er springs?

Striv'st thou not for richer treasure

Than terrestrial things?

Lady, ah, that glance admiring,

On thyself now cast,

Tells not of a soul's aspiring—

Thine is bowed to dust.

O, 'tis strange, that mind undying

So can worship clay;

Till some magic stay its fading,

Shield it from decay.

Original.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"How do you like our new neighbor?" said Mrs. Crossman, addressing Mrs. Dennis, on whom she had called to have, according to her own phrase, a little chit-chat.

"Extremely well, what I have seen of her; but our acquaintance, as yet, is very slight."

"I should so imagine, if you are inclined to think well of her. My first impression of her was unfavorable, and the more I see of her, the more I dislike her."

"I am sorry for that; for, although I have seen but little of her myself, I have been informed, by a person who formerly lived near her, that she was a most excellent neighbor, and that, in cases of sickness, especially, she was ever ready to lend her assistance."

"I dare say; for she can run in to see a sick neighbor, without having it cost her any thing."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Crossman, but it costs her both time and labor; and as I am informed that she is a woman of very industrious habits, time is valuable to her."

"Yes; and she is as parsimonious as she is industrious when she ought to be generous, and lavish when it would be more becoming for her to be economical."

"Perhaps she thinks she ought to be her own judge in these matters. We cannot always judge by appearances."

"That is true; but I judge by realities. You know that I am exceedingly anxious to increase the number of members belonging to our "Female Benevolent Society," and took an early opportunity to call on her to see if she would join."

"And she saw fit to decline?"

"Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"O, she had half a dozen excuses—some of which I cannot remember. One was, that she did not feel able to give away a great deal, and that what little she did give, she chose to have the privilege of appropriating in her own way. Now, any person might see that this was only a plausible pretext for saving her dollar. You may possibly think I was rude, but I could not help telling her that persons who could afford to wear elegant and fashionable bonnets, might afford to give one dollar yearly, for the relief of the poor. She felt the allusion pretty keenly, I know, for she blushed the color of scarlet."

"I regret that you made the allusion. I have called on Mrs. Hooper only once, but it so happened, the day I called she was engaged in ripping to pieces an old bonnet. It was very much faded, but she said she was going to turn it and alter the form, as it was not convenient for her to purchase a new one. That was the elegant and fashionable bonnet she wore to church last Sabbath."

"Why did she not tell me, for she knew I thought her extravagant. It was her pride that would not permit her to undeceive me. I shall now think her less excusable than ever; for, surely, a person who can turn her ingenuity to such good account as to make an old shabby bonnet look like a new one, can save enough, in a short time, to enable her to join our society."

"You will remember the old adage, that 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' But, to return to the society, I have myself, of late, had serious thoughts of withdrawing."

"Surely, you are not serious, Mrs. Dennis. What can be your reason? Do you not approve of benevolent societies?"

"Yes, if conducted upon right principles, and the funds are judiciously appropriated."

"You don't mean to insinuate that ours is not rightly conducted?"

"I don't mean to insinuate any thing which cannot be proved. I have here," said she, taking a piece of paper from the workstand drawer, "a correct statement of the amount of money received by the society during the first year, and the different modes in which it was expended. There were twenty members, which, of course, gave twenty dollars to the treasury. In addition to this sum, ten dollars were received for plain and ornamental needle-work done by the members. An equal amount was realized by the society from similar kinds of work performed by poor widows and other indigent females, who received just one-half of the sum from the society which was given by the original employers. Of the forty dollars thus obtained, I find twelve were paid for the room where we meet. For a table, chairs, stove, fuel, candles, stationery and a few other items, twenty-nine more were expended, leaving the society at the close of the year, just one dollar in debt, without its having accomplished a single object for which it was intended, if we except what was paid to those poor women, to whom the aggregate sum of twenty, instead of ten, dollars should have been given."

"Surely, Mrs. Dennis, you must have made some mistake in your calculation."

"Not the least. You will find my statement perfectly accurate, if you will take the trouble to examine the books."

"Well, we shall do better this year. We have done a great deal more sewing than we did last."

"The more we do, the worse it is for those who earn a subsistence by their needles. I was first made fully sensible that we were doing evil rather than good, about two weeks since, from calling on Mrs. Grey. She is a widow with four children, the eldest of whom is seven—the youngest, about a year. I found her engaged in wash-

ing—an employment far too fatiguing for a person with her indifferent health. I enquired why I found her thus employed, in the room of plain needle-work, with which, on former occasions, I had found her busy. ‘I have been unable to obtain any for the last six months,’ she replied, ‘except from the Female Benevolent Society, which has secured for its own benefit all the sewing hired in the village, and it pays so low a price, that I find it impossible to earn a living. Before that society was formed, I could obtain as much work as I could do, for which I received a fair compensation, which enabled me to procure a sufficient quantity of comfortable food, and decent clothing for myself and children; but this Winter, I have been obliged to keep the two eldest from school for the want of shoes, and sometimes we are obliged to be content with very scanty meals. Since I have commenced taking in washing, I have done better, but I fear I shall be unable to continue it long, as I find my health is failing.’ This one example, exclusive of several which have since fallen under my observation, will serve to show that what we have very innocently been terming our benevolent society, is a real evil, as it has hitherto been managed.”

“It would so seem,” replied Mrs. Crossman; “but I sincerely thought we were doing a great deal of good. The next time we meet, I think measures should be taken to conduct it on different principles.”

“Yes; this underworking system should be entirely relinquished. If the society engrosses all the needle-work which the village is able to furnish, it should employ those who need the proceeds at the same price which it receives.”

The next day after the foregoing conversation, Mrs. Hooper, the new neighbor, put on her cloak and bonnet for the purpose of returning Mrs. Crossman’s last call. On her way, she met Mr. Crossman on horseback, riding very swiftly. When she arrived at the house, she was informed by a woman who met her at the door, that Mrs. Crossman had been suddenly and violently seized with what appeared to be the spotted fever, a disease which was at that time prevalent in an adjoining town; and that she had, at the urgent entreaty of Mr. Crossman, consented to remain with his wife while he went for a doctor; “but now you have come,” she added, “I may as well go home, for I don’t think the mother of six helpless children should expose herself to taking a disorder which is almost certain death.” Saying this, she hurried out of the house.

Mrs. Hooper hastened to the apartment of Mrs. Crossman. Having been accustomed to the alarming malady under which the patient was laboring, she knew that it was necessary to be prompt and energetic, and proceeded with wonderful readiness and self-possession, to adopt those measures which she had formerly seen resorted to with the most salutary effects. In a few minutes, Mr. Crossman returned with the information, that the doctor had just been called to visit a patient eight or ten miles distant.

“There is not another physician,” said he, “within five miles, and before he can be obtained, it will be too late.”

“I have,” replied Mrs. Hooper, “been present where persons have been ill of this alarming fever in all its stages, and have thus learned the most successful mode of treatment. Your own house, I find, affords all that is necessary in the way of medicine, and with your concurrence and assistance, I will do the best I can.”

During the whole of that long Winter’s night, Mrs. Hooper never, for a moment, left the bedside of the sufferer, except to prepare something for her relief. Twelve hours from the time she was first taken—a space in which some, after having been stricken with the disease, breathed their last—the crisis took place. The struggle between the fearful malady and a firm constitution, appeared doubtful. A few suppressed and anxious whispers were interchanged between Mr. Crossman and Mrs. Hooper, who did not for a moment suffer her exertions to relax. In less than fifteen

minutes, there was a perceptible and favorable change. Perspiration broke freely from the flushed and burning brow, and the quick, laborious breathing became free and natural. Though she soon sunk into a quiet sleep, Mrs. Hooper still retained her station by the bedside.

A little after sunrise, the doctor and Mrs. Dennis arrived nearly together, the latter having just been informed that Mrs. Crossman was ill. The doctor pronounced her out of all danger; and having been informed by Mr. Crossman of the part Mrs. Hooper had taken, took the opportunity of pronouncing a warm eulogium on those females who do not, under the plea of excessive sensibility and weak nerves, shrink from the performance of disagreeable and painful duties.

Mrs. Hooper, who now that the hour of danger and excitement was past, found herself nearly exhausted, at the request of Mrs. Dennis, who offered to take her place, arose to withdraw to another apartment, to obtain, if possible, some rest. Mrs. Crossman grasped her warmly by the hand, and said, with much emotion,

"I shall never forget that it is to you that I owe my life."

Two weeks afterwards, she was well enough to be present at a meeting of the Female Benevolent Society. By her influence, it was voted, that those indigent females to whom the society gave employment, should thereafter receive full price for their labor. It was likewise voted, that, for the future, a stricter regard should be had relative to a judicious expenditure of the funds. Among other regulations, the members concluded, at the expiration of the year, to relinquish the room for which they paid twelve dollars annually, and to meet at their own dwellings.

Original.

THE STRANGER'S SEPULCHRE.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

WALK gently o'er that nameless grave,
No weeping eye hath blest;
For he, who sleeps within, hath now
A calm and holy rest.
Ye knew him not—he walked amid
Your pressed and peopled way,
Unheralded and unacclaimed,
Nor marked by proud array.

Ye saw him—yet ye marveled not.
He was not decked in gold;
Or costly drapery did not throw
Round him its purple fold.
Ye asked him not his name or race,
Or questioned whence he came;
While proudly rose on distant hills,
His household altar flame.

And they who waited by its hearth
Grew weary of his stay;
And sadly wept, in sacrifice
Of soul, his long delay.

They brooded o'er the canvass leaf
With beautiful device,
And spread it for his feet in love
Than gold of greater price.

And trained the myrtle and the vine,
And fragrant budding flower,
To greet him in his glad return,
And cheer that promised hour;
And wept and wearied yet again,
And called upon his name,
And twice and thrice from morn till night
They prayed—he never came!

And proud ones missed him at the feast,
And nobles in the hall;
While cyprus weeds flowed long and full
For him, the pride of all.
But ye in stinted kindness gave,
Amid your burial place,
Your "Potter's Field," his sepulchre,
The honored of his race.

And marked it not with shrub or tree,
 Or piously, with stone,
 But heaped the dust in hasty toil,
 And left him there unknown
 Because no messenger for him
 A lordly way prepared—
 No proud heraldic lines his name
 Or ancestry declared.

Have ye not learned the *great are meek*,
 And void of high pretence?
 Go, look upon that nameless grave,
 And learn the lesson thence
 For he who sleeps within, in life,
 Than they, was more caressed,
 Whom sculptured urn and towering shaft
 And epitaph have blessed.

Original.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE AGE.

BY ABNER H. BROWN, A. M.

CHRISTIANITY is a progressive system. We do not mean to say, that the truths which Jesus came to establish in the earth were not perfect; nor do we mean that he did not teach all that was necessary for the full illustration of the purposes of his divine mission. When the despised Nazarene left this polluted abode of his enemies, Christianity, as a system of truth, was perfect: it had been moulded by the hands of a divine artificer; it bore the impress of its heavenly origin; no part was wanting to complete its beauty or strength. But though Christianity itself was perfect, it did not receive its full development in the time of Christ, or his apostles. It was designed for the world, in all the different stages of its progress. What was imperfectly developed in one generation, received a fuller and more practical manifestation in another. One feature was more prominent in its early history, and another at a subsequent period.

Thus, though the central truths of Christianity can receive no addition or diminution, the manifestation of those truths, in the history of the human family, is progressive. We do not say, that every generation is in advance of its predecessor, or that every pretended new manifestation of Christianity really arises from a clearer insight into its doctrines; but the conclusion is irresistible, that, upon the whole, the religion of Jesus is continually exhibiting new adaptations to the wants of man, and new capabilities for all the emergencies of the world's eventful career.

It would be an interesting and profitable work, to trace the history of the Church through successive ages, with especial reference to the peculiar phases which Christianity exhibited in each period; but it would require more space than can be afforded to this article. What are the peculiar characteristics of the Christianity of our own day? This is the question which we propose briefly to consider.

Nothing strikes the mind more forcibly, when considering the present state of the Church, than the *spirit of activity* which pervades every Christian sect. The zeal and perseverance which are manifested for the propagation of the faith in its various forms, are, in some measure, worthy of the high objects which Christianity in its purity proposes to accomplish. The modern Church long enough slept over the command of its Founder, to "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was a glad era in earth and heaven when she shook off her guilty slumbers, and addressed herself, with confidence and alacrity, to the great work of the world's redemption. A new influence seems to have been operating upon the hearts of men, arousing them to a more faithful examination of their duty in relation to the condition

and prospects of the human race. This examination has resulted in earnest and extensive labors for the diffusion of that religion whose first principle demands love to God and man.

This spirit of activity has infused itself into every subject of religious thought and effort. The pulpit has felt its power. The dull and abstruse questions which were wont, in a former age, to be the topics of discourse, are no longer the most prominent subjects which the preacher discusses. It is but a few centuries since the works of Aristotle, instead of the Bible, were read in the churches. The clergy often selected their texts from the same source, and made them the foundation of long and intricate discussions of the most knotty and useless subjects of philosophy. At another period, the works of Plato were regarded as almost divine, and the beautiful and rich mysteries of the "ideal philosopher" were the themes of discourse in cathedral and church. But these things have passed away; Christianity has become more active, and the people demand more exciting nourishment—it has become more pure, and its own sublime truths have more weight than all the show of a false philosophy. The preacher, if he would keep pace with the spirit of the age, must bring forth things new as well as old, from the treasury of the Lord. He must have a true conception of that enlarged philanthropy, and of that spirit of activity and progress which the gospel so eminently inculcates.

But perhaps the most striking exhibition of the active spirit of the Christianity of our own day, is found in the numerous missionary and other benevolent societies which have sprung up in almost every village and parish. The religion of Jesus embraces in its comprehensive charity all classes of men, and demands of its professors, not only a personal obedience to its precepts, but a watchful care for the general good. It enlarges, as well as purifies, the human heart. It teaches man to send out his thoughts and sympathies to the distant and polluted places of the earth. It reminds him that this world is only the scene of his pilgrimage, and that he is bound to his fellow travelers by inseparable ties. Christianity would gather within its ample fold, all who wear the human form; it makes no distinction of age, or sex, or color, or birth; but "all are one in Christ Jesus." It visits with equal gladness, the lowly cottage and the royal palace; it blesses the heart of the degraded slave with the same joy which it confers upon the polished and learned. Dishonored and profaned, it has been; but even in its error and disgrace, it has spoken eloquently for humanity and virtue.

(Concluded in our next.)

Original.

WOMAN'S TRUST.

WATCHING by the couch of pain
Till the light of day shall wane—
Till the evening star is high—
Till the midnight shadows fly—
Silent, wakeful vigils keeping
O'er the sufferer's fitful sleeping:

Soothing with a gentle tone,
When the wearied bird has flown—
Pointing upward to those bowers,

Fragrant with undying flowers,
Where a sunless light is glowing
O'er the waters gently flowing:

Seeking out the humble home
Where the widow weeps alone,
Raising with a lenient hand
That forsaken orphan band—
Pouring forth the oil of gladness
On the heart oppressed with sadness:

Weeping unregarded tears,
Striving with unutter'd fears,
Gathering fresh and blooming flowers
For life's sere and blighted bowers,
Radiant, gentle as the glow
Beaming from the covenant bow:

Drawing from the guilty heart
Sin's polluted, poisonous dart—
Telling of that balm so free,
Gushing fresh from Gilead's tree—
Of that stream whose healing flow
Washes crimson white as snow:

Lincoln, Me., April, 1842.

Watching with unwearied eyes
Till the Savior's day-star rise,
Latest where He bows his head,
Marking well his lowly bed,
Casting spices and perfume
Earliest on his hallowed tomb:

This thy trust, oh, woman, this—
This the sign that seals thy bliss—
This the purest, brightest gem
Sparkling in thy diadem—
This the power thy God has given—
This thy pathway up to Heaven.

MARY.

Original.

THE ALPS.

BY REV. LEMUEL PORTER.

"Mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

THE Alps are the noblest mountains in Europe. Stretching, like a crescent, over the north of Italy, and dividing that land of song from France, Switzerland and Germany, they shoot out majestic branches in almost every direction. Their lofty summits, covered with perpetual ice; their extensive ranges, presenting every variety of climate; the vast rivers, that hoarsely rush from their dark, cold reservoirs; the avalanches of snow, ice and earth, that thunder down into their valleys, have always invested the Alps with a stern, yet fascinating character. Over their craggy top, the ancients believed that Hercules passed in the progress of his labors, and not a cavern, or peak, or dell, but what they peopled with satyrs or other supernatural beings. Banditti, more terrible than elves or fairies, actually lurked in many gorges of the mountains, and often robbed and murdered the muleteers passing from Savoy to Piedmont, and made themselves formidable to the villages that are sprinkled through the valleys.

Mont Blanc is not only the loftiest of the Alpine chain, but is also the most elevated mountain in Europe. It reaches upwards through the clouds, to the dizzy height of nearly sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and, like its giant brothers, is clothed with fearful glaziers, and armed with frightful avalanches. So rough is its exterior, so scarred with the slides of ice and rock, so dreadful its precipices, that it seems, in its stern composure, like some champion of old covered with the marks of desperate victory. In many places, Mont Blanc is sheeted with thick ribbed ice, as though its cataracts had been suddenly congealed. Coleridge thus apostrophizes them:

"Ye icy falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!"

The next highest peak is the Great Saint Bernard, that divides Switzerland from Piedmont. Here is a mountain road from France to Italy. This road ascends, amid tempests and snow, eleven thousand feet into the cold, transparent atmosphere. Many lives are lost here annually, and many more would perish, but for the beneficence of certain monks, whose hospitium is fixed here on the highest habitable spot in Europe, and who, in perpetual winter, with their dogs and servants, guide the lone wanderer on his way, or place his frozen corpse in their receptacle for the dead. Here rests the embalmed body of General Desaix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. It was over the Great Saint Bernard that Napoleon poured his ambitious troops into Italy, in 1800, astonishing the world, not more by the success of his plans, than by the boldness of their conception. It was not enough for him to conquer. He wished to throw around his name an almost supernatural glory; and, bursting as he did, with heavy artillery and fierce legions, from the Alpine clouds, upon the unsuspecting enemy, he really seemed to personify the god of war.

Hannibal, the renowned Carthaginian general, fought his way over the craggy Mount Cenis, with an army of a hundred thousand foot and twenty thousand horse, contending not only with nature, but also with immense hordes of mountain warriors.

"Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp,
The Carthaginian, on his march to Rome,
Entered these fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared, and the towered elephant
Upraised his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallow'd up and lost,
He and his rider."

After a desperate struggle of nine days, and the loss of thirty thousand soldiers, he found himself in Italy, opposed by a Roman army under P. C. Scipio. Victory perched upon his standard. Again and again did his Spanish bands overwhelm the Roman legions, until at the battle of Cannæ, he made a bridge of forty thousand Roman bodies, and sent home three bushels of gold rings taken from Roman knights slain in battle.

The difficulty of passing the Alps, by large bodies of men, will be perceived, when we consider the fearful precipices that they must encounter; the steep, icy rocks, rising many hundred feet into the air; the deep snow, into which they must plunge, and the avalanches poised above their heads, which sometimes thunder down upon the traveler who agitates the air even by his voice. The hunters of the chamois often hold their breath in passing certain valleys, lest they should be crushed.

"From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass."

It is now, however, comparatively easy to cross the Alps. Napoleon has carved his name upon these mountains in more glorious and permanent letters than on the field of blood. In 1805, this universal genius caused a winding road to be made over Mount Cenis, thirty miles long and eighteen feet wide. This road can be passed at all seasons; and its value may be estimated from the fact, that in a single year sixteen thousand carriages and thirty-four thousand mules crossed over it.

He also constructed another road over Mount Simplon, thirty-six miles long and twenty-five feet wide. This road crosses the most dangerous precipices, runs hundreds of feet through solid rock, and winds,

"Like a silver zone flung about carelessly,"

around perpendicular obstructions. The grand tunnel is six hundred feet long, cut

through granite, and lighted by openings, through which, on the one side, are seen fields of ice, snow and rock, and, on the other, green pastures and cheerful cottages. The bases of these mountains are rich in fruit and grain; then follows a belt remarkable for its forests; above this are found the finest pastures; then begins sterile rock and eternal winter. It is probable, that not less than seven million inhabitants are scattered among the Alpine ranges, multitudes of whom are herdsmen and hunters.

The patriot and the christian feel an unusual interest in these rugged mountains, for they know that they are the retreat of liberty and piety. In the valleys of Piedmont, and in the almost inaccessible defiles of the maritime Alps, dwell the actual descendants of the ancient Waldenses, who never bowed the knee, even in pretence, to idols, or to popery. To this day, protestantism has its stronghold there, and regards the spiritual denunciations of the pope, and the bayonets of his soldiers with equal indifference.

Dormilleuse is a wretched hamlet in the highest part of the wild Val Fressinière. It is situated upon a rock, to which there is but one approach, and that very difficult from the rapidity of the ascent and the narrowness and slipperiness of the path. A cascade throws itself across the contracted road, and plunges into the abyss below. In Summer, a sheet of water, and in Winter, a sheet of ice, obstruct the entrance to the hamlet. Nine months in the year, it is buried in snow. The huts are mud hovels, and the people dress in sheepskins. Yet this place is dear to the protestant, as the asylum of persecuted truth. When all the rest of the world apostatized or dissembled, to screen themselves from the cruelties of Rome, the dwellers in this forlorn hamlet barred up the entrance to their rock, and, amid their stern scenery, faithfully maintained their religion. The cold caves, in which they met to read God's word, are yet there, as unchanged and unchangeable as the noble hearts that once beat within them. Strange, that Christianity should be driven from sunny plains, from populous cities, from the palaces of kings, from the cathedral of priests, to the rugged defiles of the high Alps!

Original.

THE CAPTURE OF GEN. CORNWALLIS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THE banks of Yorktown blushed with mingled hues
Which Autumn's suns had changed—the morning dews
Fell lightly on each beauteous shrub and tree,
Which decked the borders of the grassy lea.
Upon the point which mirrored back their charms,
The deep green point which shook with war's alarms,
Cornwallis lay, surrounded by a band
Seven thousand strong, the terror of our land.
With vaunting prowess, and superior power,
Waiting impatient for the coming hour,
When our bold eagle in the dust should lie,
And England's banner sweep this western sky.

The hour had come when Freedom's beaming star
Turned with its light the fickle god of war.

Fortune's bright ray, which weighed the balance down,
 A halo formed around our Washington—
 Which brighter grew with each revolving hour,
 Till foreign armies quailed beneath his power.
 The moon's pale beams illumed the silvery tide,
 When noble hearts, our country's joy and pride,
 Met in the "flag ship" on the flowing deep,
 Which like a cradled infant lay asleep—
 Hushed were the waves, as safely from the shore
 Their precious burthen to the ship they bore,
 There to consult what measures to devise,
 Which should at once their haughty foes surprise.
 With plans well-formed they to the conflict fled,
 With hearts of steel and firm, undaunted tread.
 Through Penn's fair town with martial pomp they passed,
 With spirits nerved to meet the trumpet's blast.
 From open windows as the troops marched by,
 Was seen the light of woman's beaming eye.
 With kerchiefs waving as they moved along,
 All smiled delighted on the brilliant throng.
 Rochambeau, Washington and La Fayette,
 Cheered by the scene, their loveliest glances met.
 Their hearts elate—'neath music's thrilling strain
 Each pulse was quickened—through each circling vein
 The warm blood coursed, as on the distant height
 The warrior lay, armed for the deadly fight.

Boldly before their hostile foes they stood,
 Resolved on victory though they swam in blood—
 A Spartan band, panting with every breath,
 To gain their cause, or sink alike in death.

Through the long day, and still more dreary night,
 The cannon roared, and bombshells winged their flight,
 Whirling above, recrossing the dark sky,
 Like blazing comets on the startled eye.
 Deep in the ground the dreadful engines laid,
 High in the air the spouting waters played,
 By the fierce rockets in vast columns thrown,
 And man expiring, breathed his last alone.

Throughout the dreadful struggle to obtain
 Their rights as freemen, on the ensanguined plain,
 Ne'er did life's current more deliberate flow
 Than on that morn, when fell the deadly blow
 Which crushed their prowess, brought their spirits down—
 The haughty minions of the British crown.

How like a god, before their ranks then stood,
 The immortal Washington—the brave, the good—
 A nation's champion, with a bosom warmed
 Towards mankind, which e'en a foeman charmed.
 With modest dignity his form was bent,
 As forth they came from their deserted tent,
 A captive army, marching slow along,
 Silent and sad, a humbled, suppliant throng—
 With their proud banners furled, and lingering tread—
 Their hopes of victory forever fled!

From Washington no look of wrath was seen,
 But all was passive, heavenly and serene—
 His soul absorbed in wonder, joy and awe
 As he the changing tides of fortune saw.
 Forward they came, and every eye was turned:
 To see Cornwallis, every bosom burned;
 But he, a crushed, a fallen foe, hung back,
 And sent O'Harra in the foremost track.
 Then was the sword to the brave Lincoln given,
 And shouts of joy went up from earth to heaven.
 The scene was closed—the cannon's thundering roar
 No more re-echoed 'long the murmuring shore;
 The sword relieved into the scabbard leapt,
 And war's artillery on the ramparts slept.
 Hushed was the fife, the martial trump, the drum,
 And hope's bright star allured the weary home.

O! for our country, 'twas a glorious day:
 Bright rose the sun—the mists flew quick away.
 Ne'er since the hour his circuit he began,
 Smiled he more sweetly on the face of man.
 Freedom, delighted, from her gilded bower
 Unrolled her banner on that joyous hour;
 An angel caught a fold in either hand,
 And flying, spread it o'er our happy land.
 Our nation's altar glowed with hallowed fire—
 One universal pean swept her lyre.
 Nature, bright-robed, sent up her minstrelsy;
 Mountains and valleys, every shrub and tree
 Which decked the landscape, in that hour combined;
 The moon and stars in the grand concert joined;
 The lakes and rivers kissed the pebbly shore,
 And e'en old ocean with its thundering roar
 Swelled the loud song of general jubilee,
 As million voices shouted, *We are free!*

Sag Harbor, April 18, 1842.

VOILA LA CROIX!—BEHOLD THE CROSS!

(Extracted from a Journal of Travels in the Alps.)

At the close of the year 1827, I crossed the Alps, with a small party of friends, from Pignerol in Piedmont, to Briançon, in France. After proceeding to Finistrelle, we furnished ourselves with mules, men, and the other requisites for the journey. Urged by the apparent necessity of advancing on account of the season, when all preparations were duly made, we set forward amidst descending rain, and a wondering crowd.

We soon began to ascend along the ledge of a mountain which opened immense precipices to our view. The road was wholly unguarded, and we were accompanied by the concerto music of a roaring torrent, that foamed along the valley, and the howling winds. Nothing was more obvious, than that our temerity would be repaid by cold, wet, and possible danger. Without adverting to the little incidents of the way, I may simply state that, after some hours of painful march, in which we passed through the small villages of Pourriere, La Rua, and Traverse, we began the ascent of the

mountain called Chanal du Col. The rain, as we rose, changed to sleet, and then to snow, the previous accumulation of which rendered our progress slow and difficult. The march of pompous diction seemed consonant with the gigantic scale of the scenery, and we thought of Johnson's description in the Hebrides, "above, inaccessible altitude; below, immeasurable profundity."

The snow was now rapidly deepening, the mountains in succession presenting their formidable ridges, and the pathway gradually disappearing from view, till we found ourselves amidst all the "charms of solitude," and all the sublimities of danger. This was the place, and this the season, for the moral philosopher to portray the higher order of emotions, for the christian to realize the "terrible majesty" of the infinite and eternal God.

Two hours had brought us to the crisis of our circumstances. Imagine us then, a melancholy train; each on his mule or horse, thickly covered with cloaks or mantles to screen a shivering frame, and enveloped in a snowy fold; imagine us moving like a forlorn hope in rank and file, slowly, silently and apprehensively along the edge of precipices, to which in making the necessary circuit, the trustworthy animal would often, perhaps unconsciously (not so his rider), approach within a few inches—ah! slippery, and dangerous, and uncertain footstep! Each hapless traveler now cast a wistful eye at the other; for not a sound was to be heard; not a trace to mark the course was to be seen: the winds were hushed, the flakes of snow fell like the feather in an exhausted receiver, and "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Two guides accompanied us, but the sphere of their knowledge seemed to be bounded at this very spot; and after giving the word of command to stop, they began to consult together (an ominous sign to bewildered travelers) on the course to be pursued, professing themselves to be altogether uncertain of the way. It was a dead calm, and with more truth than prudence, one of them exclaimed, "If the wind rises, we are lost." In fact, it is impossible for any one who has traversed Alpine regions to conceive of the violence of those gusts which seem to rush like furies between the mountains, as if commissioned to hurl them from their bases.

A few minutes determined us to advance cautiously and prayerfully; for in danger it is natural to call upon God; and the sanctified mind does not merely utter the cry of distress, and seek an interference, which in the hour of safety and comfort was despised, but lifts up believing and confiding thoughts to Him who is recognized as "the hearer of prayer." We may not always experience deliverance from evil; but we may be assured, that through Christ, our Advocate and Friend, we shall enjoy consolation, and reap improvement.

The moment I have described was one of those of intense emotion, which now and then occur in life, whether of joy or sorrow. Silence reigned, nature frowned, danger threatened. I will not say that the incipient feeling did not arise which suggested the self-inquiry, Was life hazarded for an adequate cause? for to sacrifice it for a small object is sinful, while to yield it to the claims of duty and of God, is the martyr's heroism. But hark! there is an exclamation of surprise and joy. The foremost guide is in extasies! all is well, and the sleeping echoes are roused by "La croix! la croix! voilà la croix!" "See there the cross, the cross!" In these bewildering regions it is not uncommon, for the twofold purpose of guiding the stranger, and eliciting a superstitious worship, to fix a large wooden cross on the summit of a hill, or on the edge of a precipice, as well as frequently by the roadside; by which, when the Winter snows obliterate the path, some indication of the course may be given. Our guides became instantly aware of our safety, and knew that we should soon commence the descent.

May not the reader of this narrative compare without any forced application, or inappropriate analogy, his own situation with that of these travelers? Are we not, in

fact, all pursuing the great journey into eternity? Have we not missed our way? Have we not departed from God, by wicked works; and are we not universally and individually, in the language of infallible truth, utterly "lost?" The course of transgressors is difficult and dangerous; but the cross, the cross! there is hope, and peace, and safety! Not the cross of superstition, or the cross of temporal safety; not the wood or the tree upon which a Savior was transfixed; but Christ crucified; the blood he shed for the remission of sins; the offering which he presented for a guilty, deluded and perishing world. It is not deliverance from Alpine danger, but from eternal torments; it is not direction to a temporal abode, which may shelter me from inclement skies, or provide the sweets of social intercourse, but elevation to the bliss of heaven, which I obtain by trusting in those merits, embracing that Savior, clinging by faith to that redeeming Cross!

Original.

TO A SNOW-BIRD IN SUMMER.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

HA! why come so early, thou little stray bird?
 Say, why so soon are thy chirpings heard?
 Thou art here like ice in the track of the plough,
 Or like gray locks on a youthful brow.
 See! the fields are green, and the clover in bloom,
 And the air's sweet breath is the flower's perfume;
 The trees are untinged by the Autumn hue;
 The frost-king congeals not the droppings of dew;
 Our windows are up at meridian day,
 And fountains before them their waterfalls play;
 The butterflies flit in the road as we pass,
 And insects are hopping to hide in the grass;
 The farmer is cleaving his corn to the ground,
 And the tall sheaves are lying unpressed and unbound;
 Not a snow-flake is seen, nor a hail-cloud nigh,
 And thunders and rainbows are yet in the sky:
 Then tell me, young stranger, why comest thou here,
 To skip, ere 'tis dug, o'er the grave of the year?

Original.

AYESHA, OR, THE BELOVED.

BY MADAME ANTONIA.

WHEREVER tyranny exists, take what shape it may, its dark, debasing shadow will be found to rest on the oppressor as well as on the oppressed. Where it is the slavery of *caste*, the ruling race becomes unjust, arrogant, licentious, and his enervated children reap the whirlwind, because he would sow the wind. Where it is a household—a family evil, there is nothing pure, or good, or stable, in any institution of govern-

ment of which it forms a part. Take, for example, the base servitude of the Orientals. With them, all who are not tyrants, are generally cringing vassals; they are perfidious and cruel, and often as cowardly as they are uncertain in their political conduct. In these countries, woman is a chattel—every man, therefore, is the child of a slave, and has been nurtured and trained to reverence power as the best law of right; hence the base yielding to tyranny, the insecurity of property, the want of mutual confidence, and, as the inevitable result of all, the violent and bloody changes that are constantly taking place in their governments. Of the situation of women in Mohammedan countries, the life of the daughter of a Moorish prince may be given as an example. True, some Moslem countries are more civilized, and women are better treated, but the *principle* is coexistent with the Moslem creed; and only with its fall can woman become free.

Ali, surnamed The Brave, the descendant of the Prophet, and nephew of the then Emperor of Morocco, commanded, at the beginning of the present century, a walled city in the rich and beautiful province of Algarve. He ruled prosperously for six years, and managed during that time to wring from the Jews of that city a handsome fortune, which for all that period he was suffered by his master, the Sultan, to enjoy in peace. Of the four wives (he kept exactly the orthodox number) who shared his capacious heart and well-appointed haram, Zulma, though neither the youngest nor the most beautiful, was the favorite. In vain the other three wives represented to their lord, that each of them had presented him with sons, while Zulma was merely the mother of a girl. Ali was only moved to pity his unfortunate wife the more. "It is her destiny to have a daughter," he would say: "we must submit to the will of Allah."

As if to compensate her child for the misfortune of her sex, Zulma called her Ayesha, "the beloved," and vaunted her surpassing beauty. Such was the state of Ali's household, when one fair morning a party of horsemen dashed into the city with an order from the Emperor to Ali. He was commanded to transfer his treasures to the Sultan, his office and his family to his successor, and his head to the executioner. All this was done. His slaves and three of his wives became the property of his successor, but Ayesha was sent with some other girls, selected for their beauty, as presents to the Emperor. Zulma attended the party as the chief of their female servants. Arrived at Fez, Ayesha was placed in the haram among three hundred other candidates for the Emperor's favor, and for a time was forgotten.

When a Moorish leader returns victorious from the blood-stained field, it is an established custom to present him with a robe of honor and a horse. If he is rich in spoils, the Sultan is often pleased to add a wife or two to the imperial gift. Sometimes the lady presented is the daughter or sister of the monarch; sometimes she is selected from among his slaves. A chief, noted for his lawless ferocity, happened to render acceptable service to the Sultan in chastising some refractory Arab tribes, and when he presented himself before the throne, the fair and gentle Ayesha was led to his haram as part of the usual testimony of the Sultan's favor. For a time, she reigned alone in the affections of her savage lord. The bath, the toilet, the song and the dance of the alwins—the actresses of the East—beguiled the monotony of her gilded prison; and no doubt Ayesha thought her destiny a proud one, in having so fond and indulgent a master. Time rolled by, however, and the husband of Ayesha became, as her father had been, too rich, or too popular, to be tolerated by his jealous and sordid master. Unwarned and unheard, he was condemned to death, and his establishment broken up. His wife, though but little past twenty, had lost the freshness of her beauty, and despite her princely lineage, she, with the rest of his slaves, was sold in the slave market, and her price went into the imperial coffers. She was bought by a

venerable priest, who lived in safe obscurity, and might have been very happy in his well-ordered family, but that his favorite wife saw fit to become jealous. In order to allay the domestic tempest, and save Ayesha from a daily beating at the hands of his privileged vixen, he gave her to an old friend, a trader from a city on the borders of the desert. The long and toilsome journey was accomplished, and her sufferings repaid by meeting with her mother, who had become the property and confidential servant of a cook. The master of Zulma bought Ayesha, and again for a time Fortune seemed to relent.

The death of Zulma, however, and soon after that of the cook, left Ayesha once more afloat on troubled waters. Three times more the daughter of a high and popular chief changed masters. Each change happened to bring her nearer the beautiful city her father once ruled, and her last master left her possessed of freedom and five hundred dirhems (about thirty dollars), in the place of her birth. She repaired to the haram of the Basha, and solicited an appointment in his household. The boon was granted, and she was, a short time since, "mistress of the bath," or one of the chief servants of his household. She now treads, as servant, the halls in which she once received from fifty slaves the attendance due to a princess. Yet she was always a slave, and the vicissitudes of her life are scarcely thought uncommon in a land where woman has no rights. Will the light of knowledge and Christianity never illumine that dark land? I sincerely hope they may.

THE POOR LINEN WEAVER.

A TRUE STORY, FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG STILLINGS.

In a small village of Germany, lying at a considerable distance from cities and large thoroughfares, there lived in the early part of the past century, a young linen weaver, who was honest and religious, but at the same time poor. His wife, as pious and kind-hearted as himself, cordially assisted him in his work, spooling his yarn, and doing whatever she could, from morning till late at night; and still the good people had nothing better to eat than potatoes with salt, for whole weeks together. Nevertheless, they were happy, for they loved each other, and had a clear conscience. God had blessed them, too, with three promising children, whom they took great pains in educating, and in training them up in every good way. All who visited this honest couple, were delighted with their spirit of contentment, and their affection for each other, and many a one gladly partook of their frugal meal of potatoes, for the purpose of enjoying their christian conversation.

One beautiful Summer evening, a well-clad man came to the house of the linen weaver, and addressing them in a very friendly manner, begged them not to take it amiss that he troubled them at so late an hour. "I am going," said he, "to Weinsheim on foot, and am not acquainted with the way. Will you have the goodness to accompany me three or four miles? Then I shall be able to make out the way very well myself. I will reward you well for the trouble." The weaver sprang instantly from his seat, put on his threadbare, but nicely mended coat, and with a friendly air and a nimble step, preceded the stranger.

Along the way, they talked on various subjects, and the stranger appeared extremely civil and confiding. When it had become quite dark, he stopped, and pulling a whistle from his pocket, blew a note so shrill and piercing, that a cold shudder passed

over the poor linen weaver, and made him tremble in every joint. In a moment up sprang eight or ten ruffian-looking fellows from amidst the bushes around, and commenced a conversation with the stranger, who was their captain, about breaking into a mill in the neighborhood, which they proposed doing that very night. The captain then introduced the poor linen weaver to them as a newly enlisted comrade, who was somewhat timid, it was true, but who would soon get the better of that. The poor man fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy, but the robber put a pistol to his breast, and roared out, "*Go with me, or die!*" They then linked him arm in arm between a couple of them, and thus dragged him along. About midnight they reached the mill, broke it open, and the poor weaver was obliged to stand with one of them as a watch. But the officers of justice were upon the trail of these rogues. Their measure of iniquity was full; and the captain, the linen weaver, and several others were arrested, and the rest escaped.

Meanwhile, the poor wife at home began to feel anxiety, and at last alarm at her husband's absence; and when morning came and he did not return, her anguish became insupportable. The neighbors went out to seek for him, but returned without either seeing or hearing any thing of the unlucky man. The poor woman was driven almost to despair, but still she never dreamed of the fearful tidings she was doomed to hear. Towards evening, news was brought of the breaking open of the Boltzheim mill—that the linen weaver was engaged in it, and, with the captain, had been arrested and lodged in prison, where he was awaiting his trial for this capital offence. The poor wife could contain herself no longer, but intrusting her children to the care of a neighbor, she hastened as fast as she could to the town where her husband was imprisoned. Her first resort was to the judge, to whom she related the whole case, so far as she was acquainted with it, and throwing herself at his feet, besought him to set her poor unfortunate husband at liberty. The judge, though he pitied her from the bottom of his heart, could render her no assistance, as her husband must undergo a formal trial, according to law. Still he permitted her to visit him.

The scene that now followed between the poor husband and his wife, beggars all description. They wrung their hands, and lifting them to heaven, implored the assistance of that God who is the Savior of innocence. Then the husband sought to calm and console his poor wife, exhorting her to cleave fast to God, who in this fearful calamity would not forsake her; for although he himself had failed, since he should, perhaps, have preferred death to going with the robbers at all, still the Omniscient knew that he shrunk from death only on account of his family and out of love to them, had shown himself weak, in the hope that God, who knew his innocence, would deliver him from this danger. Then the honest couple separated with confidence, after looking up to their heavenly father, and the wife returned to her children. Still she visited him often, and at every meeting they were mutually strengthened by their mutual faith and prayers.

Owing to the repeated burglaries which had lately succeeded each other, the authorities were resolved to administer the laws with great rigor, and according to law, the poor linen weaver deserved the gallows, because he was taken in company with the gang of robbers. But the worst circumstance in the weaver's case was the fact that the captain had concerted with his comrades to secure his execution, cost what it would. Accordingly they had an understanding with each other what they should say concerning him, in their respective examinations. The captain asserted that he had been with them in several of their robberies, and went so far as to mention the places; and in this declaration the rest all agreed. When, therefore, the judge examined them all together, and the poor linen weaver protested his innocence, the robbers were able to make their assertion so probable, that no farther doubt remained

in the case; yes, they could even ask him to his face if he was not afraid to utter such a falsehood in the presence of God! So it went, from one examination to another, and the poor linen weaver had no advocate but his tears.

The trial was at last brought to a close, the prisoners were adjudged guilty, and sentence rendered against them. It was, that they should be hung, the linen weaver first, in the presence of his comrades, and they afterwards; but his punishment was lightened, not only by this circumstance, but also by the concluding part of the sentence, according to which their bodies were, after execution, to be cut in quarters and broken upon the wheel. As soon as the sentence had been signed by the prince, it was communicated to the prisoners, and it was at the same time determined that the execution should take place in three days. The sympathy with the poor linen weaver was universal throughout the whole neighborhood; for almost every one regarded him as innocent. Only he should not have gone with the robbers, said they. The clergyman who had married him, visited him often, and found him, as might be expected, in the most wretched condition. He endeavored to strengthen him by the consolations and supports of religion, and prayed with him in so moving a manner, and so effectually, that the good man finally gained courage and delivered himself with a child-like spirit into the father-arms of God. His wife cried aloud to gracious Heaven for deliverance; and the day before the execution she hastened to the palace, and standing at the gate with disheveled hair, desired to speak with the princess. Now it happened that but a few moments before, a gentleman at the dinner table had been telling the story of a poor man, the father of a family, who, though quite innocent, had been executed. This gave to the company occasion to speak of the poor linen weaver, for his case was known at court, and the prince had already entertained some doubts of his guilt. It was just at this moment, and under these circumstances that his wife was introduced. Her honest and amiable appearance, together with her distress, appealed so loudly to the compassion of the princess, that she could not refrain her tears: she was soon convinced of the weaver's innocence, and led his poor wife at once to the prince. He was as much moved as the princess herself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, "Good woman," said he, "your husband shall live. I will immediately despatch a messenger to the judge with a pardon for him."

And it was high time that it was done; for it was now evening, and at nine o'clock the next morning the poor linen weaver was to be led to his execution, and the courier had forty miles to ride. The prince ordered the now happy woman some refreshments, after which she hastened away again, her heart filled with the highest joy, and her mouth with thanksgiving to God. But she had traveled scarcely ten miles, when overcome with fatigue, she found it impossible to proceed, and was obliged to stop and take a few hours' rest, so that she did not reach the town where her husband was confined till ten the next morning.

The messenger, too, had his difficulties, having been thrown from his horse, and broken his ankle, so that he could go no farther. Fortunately, however, this happened near a posthouse; he stopped, therefore, and put the pardon into the hands of the keeper of the posthorses, who sent it forward by a postillion. The result was; that it arrived some hours later than it should have done. And all this while the poor linen weaver was profoundly ignorant of the pardon which his wife had obtained, and so also was the judge himself.

The clock struck nine, and the bell announcing the hour for execution, sounded its deathknell in slow and mournful notes. The school children came in and sung a funeral hymn. After which the linen weaver was led out, attended by the clergyman, and followed by the captain of the gang, and the rest of the prisoners, the procession being closed by the executioner and his assistants. A mass of people followed the

little procession, which was attended by a company of armed citizens, and slowly approached the scaffold. The linen weaver spoke not a word; his grief admitted neither language nor tears, but it was observed that the captain of the robbers kept his eyes fixed constantly upon him. The procession had now arrived at the scaffold, and the linen weaver was conducted to the ladder. At this instant, the postillion rode up at full speed, leaped from his horse, and handed the judge, who was in attendance, a large letter. He hastily tore it open, and cried, "A PARDON! A PARDON for the linen weaver!" At this announcement the thousands of spectators set up a shout of joy, which, it seemed, would never come to an end.

The captain of the robbers now solicited permission of the judge to address the people, and when it was granted him, he stepped upon the scaffold, and motioned the spectators to be silent. All were still, and not a whisper was heard through the whole multitude. In a loud voice the robber then spoke—"There is a God! and that God is just! This truth I have not hitherto believed, and hence I did not fear God, but indulged myself in every kind of sin and transgression. But things frequently occurred in the course of my sinful life, suggesting that there was a God who governed the world, and I wished to ascertain whether it was really so. I thought if I could bring into my company a virtuous and pious man, and force him to participate with us in all our crimes, a just God, provided there was one, would not suffer an innocent person like him to be punished with us, should we ever be detected. I thought that he must save him. And so he has now actually done; for the linen weaver is perfectly innocent, and a pious and upright man. With him have I made my trial, and God has saved him. Yes, there is, there is indeed a God; and that God is just!"

He then begged the favor of being taken back to prison, as he assured the authorities, he had some important disclosures to make, and afterwards he would willingly submit to his punishment, which he had deserved, again and again. This request was granted to the robber, and he and his comrades were conducted back to prison and laid in chains.

Meanwhile the linen weaver was set at liberty, and having taken some refreshments, and being quite restored again, they led him out of the crowd; a great number of young men gathered around him, and raising him upon their shoulders, bore him into the town. Others collected money for him, so that he was put in possession of several hundred dollars. As they were carrying him along through the streets, his wife also came from her journey into town. She saw the people running together, and heard the cry, "They are bringing the linen weaver! He has been pardoned!" and presently she saw him at a distance, borne upon the shoulders of his fellow men, and entering the town. With tears and cries of joy, she followed the procession to the public-house. The meeting of the husband and wife surpasses all description. They were at last put into a coach and conveyed home, for their past sufferings, and the present scene had so overcome them, that they were incompetent to the task of walking. By means of the money which he had received, the poor linen weaver was enabled to help himself along, and God's blessing attended him; and if he still lives, he must now be an old man of about seventy years of age.

LIFE.—Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquility, till having lost all, we can lose no more.

Original.

SONNET.

ON FINDING A WELL-KNOWN FLOWER IN A FOREIGN LAND.

BY MRS. C. T. CLARKE.

Oh! earliest blossom of the sweet spring time,
 Just from thy bed of green so modest peeping,
 Hast left with mother earth thy sisters sleeping,
 To smile thy little hour, and waste thy prime,
 Unknown, unnoted by a human eye,
 Save the pale minstrel's who in this lone wild,
 Now bendeth o'er thee like a very child.
 And, as an old friend, greets thee joyfully?
 One moment, unalloyed by shade of ill,
 Again, in vision, is the wanderer blest:
 He seems to stand beside the favorite rill.
 So loved in boyhood! Fresh within his breast
 Past joys are thronging, mixed with hopes to come,
 And yearnings for his far-off cottage home!

Springfield, May, 1842.

Original.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

FAIR, intelligent and happy, a young lady we will call Henrietta, plighted her vows of connubial fidelity at the nuptial altar, to apparently as promising a young man as ever won the heart of woman. Peace smiled at their union, and even wolf-eyed malice scarcely dared to predict evil to that noble pair.

But evil did come. Beauty, piety and innocence were insufficient shields from its attacks. The bridegroom became a drunkard!

The stricken wife bore this sore trial, as only a Christian woman could. At last, every thing was consumed, poverty reigned in her once comfortable home, and, to crown her misfortunes, the sheriff swept the house of its furniture to pay the brutish husband's grog bills. Then, might that crushed woman have been seen entering her quiet chamber, and, kneeling over her babe, on the bare floor, exclaiming: "O Lord, if thou wilt in *any way* remove from me this affliction, I will serve thee upon bread and water all the days of my life!"

Heaven heard that prayer; the husband disappeared, and never returned while she lived.

Then, that sick, feeble mother opened a school, and refusing the offered assistance of her church, devoted herself to works of usefulness and charity. Where many would have fallen into hopeless despondency, she rose to a shining position of usefulness. Very persuasive in her address, she succeeded in inducing many grog-shops to close their doors on the Sabbath—scores of poor were led by her influence to the house of God—a large bible class of apprentices met weekly to feast on the instructions of her lips, and, through her agency, several young men were drawn forth from poverty and obscurity, educated and inducted into the ministry.

This active piety was continued until she departed to the better land. Her pastor pronounced a high eulogium upon her character, when he said: "I should not have felt the loss of six of the most devoted men in my church as I feel hers."

This devotion was true heroism. Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort; Zenobia defying the Legions of Rome at Palmyra; Semiramis ruling Assyria; or the wife of Petus voluntarily sharing the destiny of her cowardly husband, appears not half so heroic, so noble, so worthy of admiration, as this humble Christian, contending against afflictions sufficient to overwhelm; and winning victories for Christ that many a minister might emulate in vain.

Song over a Child.

POETRY, BY BARRY CORNWALL.

MUSIC, WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND BY GEO. J. WEBB.

Pia. ANDANTINO CON AFFETTUOSO.

Dream, ba-by, dream! The stars are glow-ing: Hear'st thou the stream?

'Tis soft-ly flow-ing, soft-ly flow-ing. All gen-tle glide the

hours; A-bove no tem-pest lowers; Be-low are fragrant

flowers In si-lence grow-ing, In si-lence grow-ing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why wouldst thou weep,
Who know'st no sorrow?
Too soon come pain and fears:
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!

Dream, baby, dream!
Thine eye lids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure!
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever!"

